

MAGGIE AND JIGGS APPLY AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE FOR ENTRANCE

St. Peter stood guard at the golden

With a solemn mein and air sedate When up to the top of the golden stair Maggie and Jiggs ascending there, Applied for admission; they came and

Before St. Peter, so great and good; In hope the city of peace to win, And asked St. Peter to let them in.

Maggie was tall and dark and thin With a scraggly beardlet on her chin; Jiggs was short and thick and stout, And his stomach was built so it round-

ed out. His face was pleasant and all the

He wore a kindly and pleasant smile. The choir in the distance the echoes woke, And Jiggs kept still while Maggie

"Oh, thou, who guardest the gate," said she,
"We two come hither beseeching thee
To let us enter this heavenly land,
And play our harps with the angel band.

Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt, There's nothing from heaven to bar

I've been to meeting three times week, And almost always I'd rise and speak

"I've told the sinners about the day When they'd repent of their evil way; I've told my neighbors—I've told 'em

Bount Adam and Eve and the Primal

I've shown them what they'd have to

If they passed in with the chosen few. I've marked their path of duty clear, Laid out the plan of their whole ca-

"I've talked and talked to 'em loud and long, For my lungs are good and my voice

So, good Peter, you'll clearly see The gate of heaven is open for me. But Jiggs, here. I regret to say, Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow

He smokes and swears and grave "See that on finest ambrosia he feeds;

faults he's got.
So I don't know whether he'll pass or It isn't hardly the thing to do—
To roast him on earth and in the fu-

vim.

Or go to a revival or join in a hymn.

While I the sins of my neighbors bore, He gadded about with Dinty Moore, He made a practice of staying out late, Thought of Maggie and felt sorry for Which is a sin all women hate; But at last when he did come The rolling pin went straight for his

dome. "I know him, St. Peter, I know him

weil;
To escape from me he'd go to hell.
But, St. Peter, I need him here,
And hope you can see your way clear.
On earth I bore a heavy cross; Give me in heaven still Jiggs to boss. I've brought my rolling pin, plates

and jars, To keep him dodging among the stars.

"But, say, St. Peter, it seems to me Hardin This gate isn't kept as it ought to be. dation.

You ought to stand right by the open

ing here
And never sit down in that easy chair.
And say, St. Peter, my eyes are dim,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed, They're cut too wide with an outward

They'd look better narrow and straight

St .Peter sat quiet and stroked his But in spite of his office he had to

laugh; Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye:
"Who's tending this gate, Maggie,
you or I?"

Then he arose in his statue tall
And pressed a button on the wall.
And said to the Imp who answered "Escort this female around to hell."

Slowly Jiggs turned, by habit bent To follow wherever Maggie went. St. Peter, standing on duty there, Saw that the top of his head we

bare.
He called the old boy back and said:
"Jiggs, how long hast thou been wed?"
(with a weary sigh)

"Thirty years," (with a weary sigh' Then he thoughtfully added, "why?" St. Poter was silent with head bent

down; He raised his head and scratched his crown;
As the choir in the distance the echo

woke, Slowly, half to himself he spoke: "Thirty years with that woman there! No wonder the man hasn't any hair, Swearing is wicked, smoking's not

He smoked and swore-I should think he would.

"Thirty years with that tongue so

sharp— Ho! Angel! Gabriel, give him a harp; A jeweled harp with a golden string. Good sir, pass in where the angels

sing. And Gabriel give him a seat alone One with a cushion up near the

Call up some angels to play their

best, For Jiggs has certainly earned a rest.

"He never would pray with an earnest They gave him a harp with golden

strings, A glittering robe and a pair of wings

the devil.

Senator Spencer is still suffering from the effects of nominating Nat from the effects of nominating Nat Goldstein for collector of internal revenue at St. Louis. He was in St. Louis last week and talked with many men whom he deems worthy and eli-gible but, it appears, none of them is anxious to let it be known he is "second choice" to Goldstein. The senator announces the names of many men who decline the office but says be will have to confer with President will have to confer with President Harding before making a recommen-





Show a Loaf of Bread

made with our flour, and your friends will compliment you upon your expert baking. That's a reputation every woman wants and that's why every housekeeper should use our flour exclusively. Many already do "Why don't you at least try it?

GOLDEN ROD, OR FARMILCO SELF-RISING.

Farmington Milling Company



there was power in the box? But in the name of that power-unknown to you-I warn you: Do not touch those

"Did I Not Say That There Was Power

in the Box?" He Sald Dreamily.

pearls till the light has burned lov

in the brazier. If you do they will

disappear-never to return. Watch,

Slowly he backed toward the win

dow, unperceived in the general ex-citement; and Hugh dodged rapidly

toward the car. It struck him that

the seauce was over, and he just had

time to see Lakington snatch some

thing which appeared to have been

let down by a string from above, be-fore turning into the bushes and rac-

ing for the car. As it was he was

only a second or two in front of the

other, and the last vision he had

through a break in the trees, before

they were spinning smoothly down the

deserted road, was an open window in

Laidley Towers from which dense

volumes of vapor poured steadily out, Of the house party behind, waiting for

the light to burn low in the brazies

he could see no sign through the

afterward from a member of the hous

party, before the light had burned suf-

ficiently low for the duchess to con-

In various stages of asphyxiation the assembled guests had peered at

the box, while the cynical comments

of the men were rightly treated by the

ladies with the contempt they de-

wrapped in its gold and sliver tissue

where a few minutes before there had

"Some trick of that beastly light,"

"Don't be a fool, John," retorted

When two minutes later they stared

horror-struck at a row of ordinary

marbles laboriously unwrapped from

THREE.

Drummond hunched low over the

identity from the man behind, knew

nothing of that at the time. And Lak-

ington was far too busy to bother

One snarling curse as they had

started, for not having done as he had

been told, was the total of their con-

versation during the trip. During the

rest of the time the transformation

to the normal kept Lakington busy, and

Hugh could see him reflected in the

wind-screen removing the make-up from his face, and changing his

Even now he was not quite clear

how the trick had been worked. That

there had been two cabinets, that was

clear—one false, the other the real one. That they had been changed at the crucial moment by the girl Irma

was also obvious. But how had the

pearls disappeared in the first case

and then apparently reappeared again?

with the chauffour.

was best to draw a decent vell.

sentiment passed uncontra-

his spouse. "If you could do this sort of thing, the house of lords might

be some use to somebody."

remarked the duke peevishly. "For heaven's sake throw the dam' thing

Was the necklace not there,

sider it safe to touch the pearls.

It took five minutes, so he gathered

opaque wall of green fog.

served.

wife's

clothes.

been nothing?

out of the window."

but do not touch!"

"Did I not say," he answered, "that, at, it was not the historic necklace. And he was still puzzling it over in his mind when the car swung into the drive at The Elms.

"Change the wheels as usual," napped Lakington as he got out, and Hugh bent forward to conceal his face. Then report to me in the central

And out of the corner of his eye Hugh watched him enter the house with the Chinese cabinet clasped in his hand.

"Toby," he remarked to that worthy, whom he found mournfully enting a ham sandwich in the garage, "Let's go on the roof."

Sliently they both climbed the ladder which had been placed in readiness, to find Peter Darrell and the American detective already in posttion, A brilliant light streamed out through the glass dome, and the inside of the central room was clearly visible. In the three chairs sat the motionless, bound figures so swathed in rope that only the tops of their heads were visible, just as Lakington had left him and Toby and Algy earlier in the evening. The only moving thing in the room was the criminal himself, and at the moment he was seated at the table with the Chinese cabinet in front of him. With a quick turn of his wrist he pried open two flaps of wood, and folded them back against the side. Then he lifted out a parcel of gold and silver tissue from

"My hat!" muttered Hugh, "what a fool I was not to think of it! Just a false bottom actuated by closing the lid."

But the American, whistling gently to himself, had his eyes fixed on the rope of wonderful pearls which Lakington was holding lovingly in his

"So easy, you seum," continued Lak-in front of the chair where he had last left Drummond. "That fool of a chauffeur falled to carry out my orders, and create a diversion. You will see what happens to people who fail to carry out my orders, in a minute. And after that you'll never see anything again."

"Say, he's a dream-that guy," muttered the American. "What pearls are those he's got?" "The duchess of Lampshire's," whis-

pered Hugh, "Lifted right under the nose of the whole bally house party."

The four watchers on the roof glued their eyes to the glass. And the sight they saw a moment or two afterward stirred even the phlegmatic Mr. Green. A benyy door was swinging slowly

open, apparently of its own volition, though Hugh, stealing a quick glance at Lakington, saw that he was press ing some small studs in a niche in one of the walls. Then he looked back at the door, and stared dumfounded. It was the mysterious cupboard of which Phyllis had spoken to him, but nothing he had imprined from her words had prepared him for the reality. It seemed to be literally crammed to overflowing with the most priceless loot. Gold vessels of fantastic and beautiful shapes littered the floor: while on the shelves were arranged the most wonderful collection of precious stones, which shone and scintillated in the electric light till their glitter almost blinded

The pearls were carefully placed in a position of honor, and for a few moments Lakington stood gloating over his collection.

a piece of gold and silver tissue, the duke's pungent agreement with his "Do you see them, Captain Drumhe asked quietly. "Each thing obtained by my brain-my hands. All mine-mine!" His voice rose to a dicted. In fact, it is to be understood that over the scene which followed it "And you pit your puny wits against me." With a laugh he crossed the room, and once more pressed the studs. The door swung slowly to and closed without a sound, while Lakingwheel, in his endeavor to conceal his ton still shook with silent mirth.

"And now"-he resumed, rubbing his hands-"we will prepare your bath, Captain Drummond. And while it is getting ready, we will just deal with the chauffeur who neglected his orders."

For a few minutes he bent over the chemicals, and then he poured the ture into the water which half filled the long bath at the end of the room. "About five minutes before we're quite ready," he announced. "Just time for the chauffeur."

He went to a speaking-tube, down which he blew. Somewhat naturally there was no answer, and Lakington frowned.

"A stupld fellow," he remarked soft "But there is no hurry; I will deal with him later."

Lakington returned to the chair which contained, as be thought, his chief enemy, and was standing beside it with an unholy joy shining on his

For one thing he was quite certain.

Whatever was inside the parcel of gold and silver tissue which, for all he knew, they might be still staring "And since I have to deal with him later, Captain Drummond, D. S. O.

M. C., I may as well deal with you now. Then it will be your friends turn. I am going to cut the ropes and carry you, while you're so number that you can't move, to the bath. Then I shall drop you in, Captain Drom-mond, and when, afterward, you pray for death, I shall mercifully spare your life—for a while."

He slashed at the ropes behind the chair, and the four men craned for-

ward expectantly.

"There," snarled Lakington. rendy for you, you young swine."

And even as he spoke, the words died away on his lips, and with a dreadful cry he sprang back. For with a dull, heavy thud the body of the dead German Heinrich rolled off the chair and sprawled at his feet.

"My God!" screamed Lakington.
"What has happened? I-I-"

He rushed to the bell and pealed it frantically, and with a smile of joy Hugh watched his frenzied terror. No one came in answer to the ring, and Lakington dashed to the door, only to recoil into the room with a choking noise in his throat. Outside in the hall stood four masked men, each with a revolver pointing at his heart.

"My cue," muttered Hugh. "And you understand, fellows, don't you?— he's my ment."

The next moment he had disappeared down the ladder, and the three emaining watchers stared motionles at the grim scene. For Lakington had shut the door and was crouching by the table, his nerve utterly gone. And all the while the puffed, bloated body of the German sprawled on the

Slowly the door into the hall opened. and with a scream of fear Lakington sprang back. Standing in the doorway was Hugh Drummond, and bis

face was grim and merciless. "You sent for your chauffeur, Henry Lakington," he remarked quietly. "I

am here.' "What do you mean?" muttered Lakington thickly.

"I drove you back from Laidley Towers tonight," said Hugh with a slight smile. "The proper man was foolish and had to be killed," He advanced a few steps into the room, and the other shrank back, "You look frightened, Henry. Can it be that the young swine's wits are, after all, better than yours?"

"What do you want?" gasped Lakington, through dry lips.

"Is want you, Henry—just you. Hitherto you've always used gangs of your ruffians against me. Now my gang occupies this house. But I'm not going to use them. It's going to be just-you and I. Stand up, Henry; stand up—as I have always stood up to you." He crossed the room and He crossed the room and stood in front of the cowering man.

"Take half—take half," he screamed "T've got treasure-I've And Drummond hit him a fearful

blow on the mouth. "I shall take all, Henry, to return to their rightful owners. Boys"-he raised his voice-"carry out these

other two, and pude them."

The four masked men came in, and carried out the two chairs.

"The intimidated rabbit, Henry, and the kindly gentleman you put to guard Miss Benton," he remarked as the door closed. "So now we may regard ourselves as being alone. Just you



But Still There Was No Mercy on the Soldier's Face, and He Felt Himself Being Forced Farther and Farther Over the Liquid.

and L. And one of us, Lakingtonyou devil in human form-is going into that bath."

"But the bath means death,"

shricked Lakington-"death in agony. "That will be unfortunate for the no who goes in" said Drummond. taking a step toward him.

"You would murder me?" half sobbed the terrifled man.

the terrified man.

"No. Lakington; I'm not going to murder you." A gleam of hope came into the other's eyes. "But I'm going to fight you in order to decide which of us two ceases to adorn the earth; that is, if your diagnosis of the contents of the bath is correct. What little gleam of pity I might have possessed for you has been completely extinguished by your present exhibition of nauseating cowardice. Fight, you worm, fight; or I'll throw you in!"

And Lakington fought. The sudden complete turning of the tables had for Madison county, where the bride-groom owns a fine, large farm.

the moment destroyed his nerve; now at Drummond's words, he recovered himself. There was no mercy on the soldier's face, and in his immost heart Lakington knew that the end had come. For strong and wiry though he was,

he was no match for the other. Relentiessly he felt himself being forced toward the dendly liquid he had prepared for Drummond, and as the frony of the thing struck him, the sweat broke out on his forehead and he cursed about. At last he bucked into the edge of the bath and his strug-gles redoubled. But still there was no mercy on the soldler's face, and he felt himself being forced farther and farther over the liquid until he was only held from falling into it by Drum-

mond's grip on his throat.

Then, just before the grip relaxed and be went under, the soldier spoks once:

"Henry Lakington," he said, "the retribution is just."

Drummond sprang back, and the liquid closed over the wretched man's head. But only for a second. With a dreadful cry Lakington leaped out, and even Drummond felt a momentary quain of pity. For the criminal's clothes were already burnt through to the akin, and his face—or what was left of it—was a shining copper color, Mad with agony, he dashed to the door, and flung it open. The four men out-side, aghast at the spectacle, recoffed and let him through. And the kindly mercy which Lakington had never shown to any one in his life was

given to him at the last. Blindly he groped his way up the stairs, and as Drummond got to the door the end came. Some one must have put in gear the machinery which worked on the fifth step, or perhaps it was automatic. For suddenly a heavy steel weight revolving on an arm whizzed out from the wall and struck Lakington behind the neck. Without a sound he fell forward, and the weight, unchecked, clanged suddenly And thus did the invention of which he was proudest break the inventor's own neck. Truly, the retribution was fust.

"That only leaves Peterson," remarked the American, coming into the hall at that moment, and lighting a elgar.

"That only leaves Peterson," agreed Drummond. "And the girt," he added as an afterthought.

(Continued next week.)

DOES ADVERTISING PAY?

Those business men who continue to doubt the expediency of advertising

to doubt the expediency of advertising we would refer to Dave Theophilus, a grain dealer of Howard, South Dakota.

Dave recently got a lot of advertising in the big press of the country because for the past twenty-four years he has continuously carried in the Howard papers the single-line reader: "Dave Theophilus Sells Salt." He estimates that this ad, which has cost him approximately \$60, has been the means of selling 13,000 barrels of salt, besides indirectly aiding in many other sales.

When Dave put this liner in the pa-

When Dave put this liner in the pawhen Dave put this liner in the pa-per 25 years ago advertising was in its infancy and the big ads which appear today were an unknown spectacle. As this business-getting medium grew, Dave persisted in sticking to his one-liner and he continued to get results because he got in th ground floor and even in the maze of bigger ads which filled the papers as the years progressed the results from Dave's ad rrew because the readers would seek liner to see if Dave still handled salt, and people who came to get salt through Dave's persistent advertising bought other articles which he han-

Dave's experience in advertising has set an example which can profitably be followed by the man whose business cannot afford big advertising but will permit small and continued advertising. Dave never had to use big space because he kept his liner in the paper continuously and the people were never allewed to forget the fact that he was handling sait. Had he advertised spasmodically—an ad once in a while—the people missing his liner, would have thought he had run out of sait. The man who advertises continuously, even though his space be small, will got the same results as Pave did.

THE DRUG THAT KILLS FEAR

A remarkable announcement is made by Dr. H. H. Rusby, dean of the Col-umbia University College of Phar-macy. While conducting a scientific expedition through the basin of the Amazon River, he discovered a drug, caapi by name, which kills all fear. The natives of Colombia prepare it from a root and administer it to their varriors on the eve of battle.

Those that have drunk caspi, save can Rusby, go into the fight urgerhuman courage that causes the trinker to have no fear of 100 of the momy." And afterward the drug proluces a sleep filled with dreams clouds of daring.—New York Harald.

GRANER-O'BANNON

A very pretty welding took place at the home of Mrs. M. W. O'Bannon, of nour Kneh Lick, when her daughter, Miss Pattye O'Bannon, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Graner, of near Fredericktown, by Rev-Zeno Yount, of Patton, May 31, 1922.